## THE TURN OF THE WHERL SENTLEMAN GEORGE MEETS WITH

DOUBLE MISPORTUNE. nce Fermed at the Repliriation and Circumstance That Had-Him Glad to Go to Pricen Under a Histake of Identity so a Bank Burgler. From the Notebook of Gentleman George.

recollect that Thackeray heads a chapter of one of his inimitable novels, in which he hes his hero's full heyday of succe "Nimium Fortunatus." Such an inscription too, might fittingly be placed over this record rtain incidents of my career; when aving shunted off Smithers into prison and deserted my wife but not her dowry, I rode trumphant on the way, orying like Monte Cristo, escaped from Chateau d'If, "the

I ought to have realised my danger; have shortened sail and battened down hatche while awaiting the darkness after day, the descent after rising, the frost after heat, and also. I may feelingly say, the turn of the But I didn't; Fortunatus never does; hence th inevitable, the deplorable, the fatal "Ni-

Surely no one could have felt at peace w to world and all the rest of mankind, to quote from President Zachary Taylor, than I did one pleasant day when I made my con placent way to the Amphyonic racetrack.
That peace which a full pocket gives, while
it doesn't pass all understanding, is all the
more reassuring for the very limitation and quite enough for me. I looked upon the hot, eager, pressing throng, hesitating, del between tips and touts, with much of the amused curiosity of the gods, viewing the affairs of men. I had arrived, I was safe; phatever chance I might take would be as ilosophic a hazard as if played by Phobus

imself in the Golden A ge.

Beyond the personal stimulus which wealth rives, there comes, I believe, to the opulen an impalpable aura, inspiring respect and deference in all within the range of its influence. I know that I noticed som more and deeper in the admiring glances the women than my fine presence and lose-shaven face, with its cameo profile, usually aroused. A sense of responsibility to society stiffened my nature, hitherto too genial and volatile, I fear; and constrained me to ignore such overtures with studied unconcern as I leaned back, with my coat open, so as to expose alike the brilliant, scintillating in my shirt-front, and the antique seal dangling

from my platinum and gold repeater. It must have been a share in this superiority which caused a lady, who to the ordinary racetrack visitors, was as satin to sarcenet, to scan me once and again with an expression of vague approval. Perhaps she was conscious, as was I, that the throng had set us apart as among them but not of them. At all events, our isolation, flattering as it was, insensibly tended to draw us together; the fluttering away and return of a programme was the pretext: before long, we, too, were chatting with all that lack of affectation which enables cultured strangers to talk interestingly without any laborious attempt at making conversation.

Her manner was extremely detached, yet all the more fascinating for that; while, now and anon, a gleam of interest broke through showing the true, warm nature within. Her costume of black was unexceptionalble-C'est moi, Gentleman George who says it-while every little accessory, from her half-veil to the tips of her dainty bottines, bespoke the grand lady, not out of place in that motley bohemian mob, because wherever she was

Her beauty grew on me like the glories o the night; for the sparkle of the stars were in her eyes, color, teeth, and smile. If, in this ined glamour, there was an intoxication which gradually threw me off my habitual guard, to wander at the beck of imagination. rather than plod sedately after reason; still considering my own personal advantages, and the furtive interest which she did actually manifest in me, it was excusable, it was natural. Even now, as I write, I must needs as I have since known.

I remember I discoursed with apt irony or the foxes and geese down in the betting ring, yet qualifying my strictures with the benevolence of a man of the world.

wish my husband, Major Grantley, had your just estimation of such folly. But there he is, just like a great boy, throwing away his money because he has it."

"That is a different matter, and altogether proper," I explained. "I always conscientiously lose a certain amount in the interest

"Oh, I don't begrudge an occasional bet," she agreed. "but just at this time, of course you can't understand, but we have affairs of weight, which should be discussed, and we came here for the very purpose of doing so "Let us hope that his loyalty to his ideals will not endanger your enterprise, whatever it may be, I replied sympathetically.

"Oh, if I only dared, you should share it with us," she oried impulsively; "but hush, no matter now, if I can bring it about, I will;

A bluff, good-natured man was the Major, of fine figure and graceful bearing, much after my own style. He was much older, however, and wore a great mustache and flowing whiskers, which of themselves prevented any facial resemblance between us. It didn't occur to me then, but now, as I think it over, there may have been more in the look the two exchanged than mutual congratu lations over a desirable acquaintance.
"You notice it, dear?" she asked; and then,

"you are so like an old friend of ours," she

"Notice it? The Major gave one gruf chuckle, and then insisted that such a resemblance should be celebrated in something as good as the feelings it inspired; and so without further ado, we three, on the upper balcony, broke a biscuit and a bottle to the spirit of friendship. Of course, I recipro-cated; if it wasn't for the spending, one mighjust as well not have money; nor was I dis pleased when a rather protracted search through pocket and wallet for a bill of less denomination than \$100 caused me to display

a modicum of my wealth.

There is a certain bedrock of fact about the old adage, "in vino veritas," which has enabled it to withstand the wind and waves of the ages Wine renders me expansive, less on guard, more inclined to boast, though that boasting disclose what better were hid. And ther are no two ways about it; vanity and sound judgment never do make running mates He who gets stuck on himself is pretty sure also, to get stuck in the mud.

Beyond this unfortunate verbosity mine there is, I think, an instinct which brings kindred souls into confidence, a fellowship of the unsaintly, just as there is a communion of the saints, a latent freemasonry which leads to mutual comprehension, through tricks of thought, speech and manner, too events it was just after the third bottle had been cracked that Mrs. Grantley looked over

to the Major and smiled. "I knew I was right," she said with pretty positiveness. "Of course he is one of our

"Then, of course, we want him," asserted the gallant Major. "I tell you, Eleanor, the more I think of the situation the more I am stumped by it. We never can hope for a finer opportunity, and yet the risk I would run is awful to contemplate." And then we three put our heads together professionally. The story which the Grantleys, or rather which Mrs. Grantley, told was as follows In the course of a shady career they had ome into possession of the bulk of the securities taken from the Occidental Bank in the

great burglary of the year before, and in

not unnaturally, became heated. The dealer warned Grantley not to be too stiff in his price, for the reason that within the week a Headquarters man had been to him in a general way inquiring, and, among other things, had mentioned that he had obtained a good picture of Grantley, who was thought to know something about the Occidental burglary. The Major laughed at this warning at the time, going away without a bar-gain; but the more he thought it over the

more perplexed he was.

If he was under suspicion, it behooved him to dispose of the stuff as speedily as possible; there was no better man, with greater facil-ties and more ready cash than this same dealer; but yet, this detective might be on the watch and nab him should he return. Granted that the picture was an old one, this might and probably would make him safe under ordinary circumstances, but not if he would go to the very place that was

watched against him.

Hence, in this crisis, what they wanted was keen, shrewd man, above all else a gentle man, who could in perfect safety conduct the negotiations for them; they wanted him so badly that they would pay a liberal per-centage for his aid, and I was the one who

xactly filled the bill.

Even in my exhibarated condition, I might have hesitated, for I knew only too well that there is a string on any good thing that a crook offers; but my hand received a quick, magnetic pressure, and over the bubbles of her glass Eleanor Grantley's eyes looked into mine. I understood; perhaps this man did not plan to be square with me; but just so surely this woman did not plan to be equare with him. There could be no ques-tion as to which one was the shrewder; and

so I would trust her.
"I agree," I said, pledging a bumper to the success of our undertaking. And while I drank, in a vision, I seemed to see Eleanor and myself, with the securities, of cours feeing far away into some unknown country of love and idleness, leaving the Major as hopelessly behind, as thoroughly forgotten as Smithers was, for instance!

We returned to town and to their quiet hotel, going up the stairs to their rooms to avoid notice. Then there was more wine, of my ordering: for the Major had gone out on some errand when the man came in answer to the bell. I remember, now, that this waiter looked at me, surprisedly at first, and then as if reassured; but I was too busily engaged in pressing my suit to heed his sentiments. The Major's absence was all too short, a mere dodging around the corner of the hall, I believe; yet in those thrilling moments I learned enough: I was beloved! Back came the Major. The doors were locked; out from the closet was brought the satchel of securities. A famous haul: my word for it! Of course, there was some dead weight, such as registered bonds, but nine-tenths was as good as gold to any purchaser in an open market. I ran it over with an expert's skill, setting values and minimum prices, to all of which the Grantleys gave strict heed; yet while I did so, I was considering the ease with which I could dispose of the various lots, here and there. without regard for this local dealer, if only Eleanor and I were free to roam.

At length, the examination was over, and while Grantley and I repacked the securities Eleanor, with a deft hand twisted off the wires and out the cork of another bottle and filled three glasses to the brim. I can see her now, as she brought the sparkling beaker to me. smiling again into my eye over the bubbles.

"Here's that our plan may succeed," announced; and the faint emphasis of the

"our" filled me with enthusiasm.
I stood on my chair; I placed one foot on the table; I drained the wine in a breath; I sent the glass a smash against the wall.

indeed, the whole world was mine! But was it? Something queer happened in my head, as if all those swelling thoughts had burst my eyes and brain. I looked over to Eleanor: like all else she was whirlable to read a mockery in her smile. I looked down and grew dizzy. There was no floor, no bottom; nothing but awful blackness into which I plunged headlong!

It was light, the glaring, merciless light of mid-day, when I came to myself, alone, in a strange bed, in a strange room. For some time I lay counting and recounting the flowers in the wallpaper, and feeling a vague pleasure in my ability to do so. At least I was not crazy; at least I was not dead. Finally, I mustered sufficient courage to rise and go into the adjoining room. There my sense of locality returned. These were the Grantley apartments. I had slept, partly dressed, in their bedroom; and this was the sitting room where we had counted the securities and toasted our luck. It had evidently been put in order by the maid; but where were the Grantleys and where was the

Instinctively as one seeks help in time of trouble, I felt in my coat for my pocket-book. It was gone. I felt in my waistcoat pocket for my roll of long greens, with a century for a wrapper, which it has been my pride to flash. It was gone. I felt in trousers pockets for my platinum and gold repeater, with its antique fob, and in my shirt front for my scintillating brilliant. They were gone. God of mercy, I had been robbed! As I stood more dazed by the loss than I had been by the drug with which that false woman had duped me, there came three raps on the door, sternly, peremptorily,

commanding: "Let me in!" I obeyed. A short, slight man, dressed in dingy blue, with a nervous eye and a quick manner, entered followed by the waiter who

ad opened wine for me. "You are my prisoner," said the former and there was a gun in his hand. "That's Grantley, all right," said the latter.

"He shaved clus yesterday and I hardly knowed him at fust." "Yes," agreed the officer, still pointing the gun, while he whipped a picture from his pocket. "It's him dead to rights, fast

enough." Even in my distress, my curlosity led me to glance at the card in his hand. It was an old-fashioned photograph, taken, certainly, ten years back, of a close-shaven man, in whose fine features and cames profile I could not help but see a resemblance to myself, even while I recognized the Major in his younger, better, days. At once, the diabolical plot, of which I was the innocent victim, was laid bare to me. That accurse woman had appreciated only too well how

fatally I answered this imperfect representa-tion of her bearded husband. They had played me, as I hoped she and I would play him! I groaned aloud. "Come. come," said the officer soothingly: don't give way. Just hand over the swag and tell me where your wife is, and I will be easy on you."

I couldn't speak; but, indeed, it wasn't necessary for me to do so. That superserviceable waiter first dug out from under the bed the satchel, in which such of the securities as were absolutely beyond hope of hypothecation had been considerately left. Then he explained that he had met Mrs. Grantley on the stairs, early that morning. and that she requested that I should be allowed to sleep late, undisturbed, as I was very tired. Truly, I was! Like a sheep led to the slaughter, I managed to totter along by the detective's side, to his chief's office, which was but a few blocks away.

There were a number of officers in the room who crowded around, regarding me as impersonally, as unsympathetically, as they might regard a mummy or fossilized man. I was a specimen, that was all. One after another, after comparing the picture, declared that I must be Grantley. Finally,

"It's either Grantley," he squ Gentleman George Ringgold—him there's such a hue and cry for from the West." And then he went to a cabinet and ran over a file, as follows: "Wanted at Cincinnati; five thousand reward at Chicago; wanted, and wanted bad, at St. Louis; three thousand at Kansas City; wanted for bigamy at Cleveland; and his last wife's folks will give up anything if he can only be ketched and punished for the way he abused and robbed and deserted her. Wan-

That settled me. The frying pan was bed enough, but the fire would be worse. For the first time I spoke.

"I am Grantley," I said. I was weak and ill, when the man in dingy blue started to take me to jail. "How would you like a cooktail and a cigar?" manner; "and then I'll get a carriage; I'm

manner; "and when I'll get a carriage; I'm not used to walking."

"All right, my laddy-buck," he agreed, "so long as you're well heeled you won't find the wind of adversity so beastly cold;" and

Even as I was fauntily thrusting my thumb and forefinger into my wnistcoat pocket the horrid truth flashed over me. I looked

appealingly at the officer.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" he cried savagely. "I took you for a dead-game sport, who might be good for an X, but you're nothing but a low-down cadger. Come I went along lively, as one may walk in his sleep; unconscious of the curious looks, the pointing fingers, the Jibing urchins pressir close behind; absorbed, overwhelme smothered by the one dreadful conviction that I was without a cent in the world.
a fact, the wheel had turned!

## PINDS OF TUNNEL DIGGERS. A Few Relice of Old New York Un

-Only One Quicksand Se Far. Some interesting finds have been made in the course of the work of excavating for the Rapid Transit tunnel. Downtown the workmen have dug up several sections of the wooden pipes laid down a century ago to give New York a water supply. Many of these have been carried off by souvening hunters.

The representative of the contractor, who was acting as showman of the few treasures saved from the souvenir hunters, rolled out for he benefit of THE SUN reporter a large cannon ball. Only a derrick could have lifted it. That was the one reason why it had escaped a journey to Texas or California, or some other up-to-date State, in an enterprising tourist's trunk. For it was found under President Monroe's house somewhere in the neighborhood of Prince and Elm streets, a circumstance that would it make of value to any really enthusiastic

treasure seeker. An old cannon, too, was partly uncovered several feet below the surface. But it lay beyond the walls of the tunnel and was left indisturbed. How anything so substantial as a cannon could have disappeared under the ground before the eyes of an observant public is a matter for wonder. It may have been buried to keep it from the enemy.

Another object unearthed by the work men has all the suggestion of battle, murder or sudden death -a skull found just below the surface at Reade and Centre streets. "It had a set of teeth as perfect as your

own." said one workman, "showing him to have been a young man." Its owner might have died a natural death. perhaps, but the workmen prefer to think that he was murdered and buried there by

Many foreign coins have been found in the of small values, but there was one sliver one at least coined in seventeen hundred and ninety something with a premium to it The finds have been made within a few fee of the surface. There is no buried Pompei under New York, and nothing of great antiqnity has been found, like the Roman lamps

which were unearthed when the undere historically interesting have been found almost entirely in the lo wer part of the city. where the early life of New York was entirely centred. Most of the section along Lafayette place

and Elm street has already been opened up. so that little more of a memorable nature can be expected. An excellent spe cimen of

so that little more of a memorable nature can be expected. An excellent spe cimen of land coral was dug out, however, a short time ago, and to any one who understands it the mineral world under the city which the tunnel work is disclosing is very interesting.

Along upper Broadway and Eleventh avenue the work is being carried on in sections as far as lists street, but no particular discoveries have been reported.

"I ain't sayin' there mightn't be something," remarked one of the local foremen, with an aggrieved air, "but if there is, I ain't seen it. Everything that's small enough goes into these Evetalian's pockets. Why if it's a piece of lead no bigger than the wink of a kitten's ear, in it goes."

In one way the contractors regard themselves as fortunate in avoiding some kinds of finds. It is one of their boasts so far that they have not met with any special difficulties that were unforeseen.

"We may strike quicksand," explained one of them, "and then look out. We haven't struck but one place with real quicksand. That was at 125th street and the Boulevard, where we ran into the remains of a swamp, and found a pocket filled with quicksand and blue mud. We wanted to put the bottom of the tunnel right there. We found the pocket was eighty feet long and sixty feet wide and eight feet deep, so we simply cleaned the whole thing out, and filled up the space with gravel."

A species of quicksand, also, has been found near Broome street, but it is held back by the side walls which are driven down below it One of the minor troubles of the engineer is the springs which bubble up in unexpected and unwelcome places.

"Each one like a woman," remarked the contractor, "is a law unto itself. We drain them, or we divert them and send them merrily off through a sewer. When our asphalting is done, we don't hear any more of the spring. First we put down eight inches of concrete, over it a layer of hot asphalt which is carefully smoothed down. Over this a sheeting of felt is rolled. Then on top of this is put more asphalt and f

### TELEPHONE'S PROGRESS ABROAD. More Rapid in Sweden Than Here -One Perso

in Every Fourteen Has a Telephone. Although the use of the telephone has increased rapidly here there are countries in Europe in which telephones are in far more general use than here. In Stockholm, Sweden, one person in every fourteen has a telephone, there being more than 20,000 telephones in a population of 271,000. Every tobacconists' store is a public call office and

the rates are very low.

England is far behind in the matter of telephones, there being only 1 to every 630 of the population. In little Switzerland there is 1 to every 173 persons, but far more business is done over the telephone in England them in Switzerland. land than in Switzerland.

# Methodical John.

From the Milwaukee Sentinet. A West Side woman a few days ago was boasting to a caller of the virtues of her Mongolian cook, and she emphasized the latter's systematic methods as his special strong

systematic methods as his special strong point.

"John finishes his work at precisely the same minute every evening," said she proudly. "I always know exactly where he is and what he is doing at any time of the day."

"Well, what is he doing now?" was asked.

"Jet me see. It is 7 o'clock. Well, he has just finished putting the dishes away, and at this moment is sweeping the kitchen. Come, let's go and see if I'm not right."

They started through the dining room, and found everything in its place, as prophesied. In the pantry the dishes were neatly arranged ir their customary place. Then they opened the kitchen door.

There in the center of the room was John and he was—complacently wasning his feet in the dishpan!

A FRENCH CHEMIST'S DREAM M. BERTHELOT LOOKS TO SCIENCE FOR THE MILLENNIUM.

He Thinks It Will Be Here When the Lab tory Can Make Food Cheaply and Flying Machines Can Be Steered—Chemistry's Progress Toward This End at Present. Copyright, 1901, by Stephen Austin.

Paris, July 19 .-- Within the tranquil precincts of the French Institute in Paris there lives and works an old man who is planning the greatest revolution the world has ever seen. If he succeeds in doing what he believes he can do, the whole social and political system of the world will be changed. War will disappear. The frontier walls

between the nations will be thrown down Life will be immeasurably easier, because the necessaries will be so cheap as to be within reach of every one, with very little labor. The tilling of the earth will absolutely cease. Men will be no longer chained, as now, to one country or city, and to almost ceaseless drudgery, but will be free of all the world, coming and going almost at their own sweet will; in New York to-day, and to-morrow bound for China or central Africa, with scarce a moment's anxiety as

to the provision for their physical wants. The man whose daily thought is all about these extraordinary designs is not a mere fantastic dreamer, spinning idle fancies for his pleasure. He is Marcellin Berthelot, a man of scientific reputation and achievement, whose practical application of his own discoveries would have made him rich beyond the dreams of avarice if he had not preferred, in his own words, to "leav money-making to traders," and give him-self up wholly to unlocking the mysteries

of nature.

One fine day he fell on the secret of smoke One fine day he fell on the secret of smokeless powder. That day's work in the Paris laboratory made useless half the literature of practical warfare, by changing the most important conditions under which battles are fought. Another day M. Berthelot found out the way to reproduce artificially and very cheaply the oil for illuminating purposes which formerly had to be collected and transported at great cost from the natural springs in America and in Russia. There were millions in this find—though M. Berthelot did not gain a cent from it. True to his principle, he published his discovery, and other men have built palaces out of the work of his brain.

Many other money-saving devices on similar lines have resulted from his researches; and it has been calculated that if he had kept patents for his wonderful chemical processes, he would long ago have been one of the richest men in the world. So eminent has been his position in the world of affairs that in a critical juncture a few years ago, he, though not a professional rediction.

ture a few years ago, he, though not a professional politician, was called from his laboratory to serve France as Minister of Foreign Affairs—when by the way, his uncompressions cause of right varieties. compromising sense of right very nearly plunged the country into war with England. Bearing these facts in which Bearing these facts in mind one is forced to admit that M. Berthelot is emphatically a man to be taken seriously in any statement

he may make, however wild it may seem to the uninitiated.

Shortly after Jules Lemaitre made a brilliant speech at the Academic Francaise calling attention to M. Berthelot's surprising plans I called on the great scientist in the apartment in the quiet courts of the Institute, where, with Madam Berthelot, he basses his days among his books and instruments. I asked for precise details.

details.
"Is it true that you are going to revo-"Is it true that you are going to lutionize all the ways of life, turn the world upside down and make us new beings, living under unheard-of conditions?"

He laughed and said reflectively: "Why, yes, it is quite true in the sense that I suppose you have in mind. Whether I myself will do it or not I cannot tell: when it may be fairly started I cannot tell. But science will certainly do all that M. Lemaitre has attributed to me, and more. It is in has attributed to me, and more. It is in the natural line of the work I am engaged in; it is the certain inevitable end of that work. And I do not think it will be long in coming."

The explanation of M. Berthelot's hopes is in the main lines very simple. ife and national divisions, depends, he

is in the main lines very simple. The form taken by any civilization, both in family life and national divisions, depends, he points out, upon two principal factors—on means of feeding and means of motion. A man works for a certain wage and under certain conditions because it is only so that he can earn the daily bread for himself and his family. The separate existence of nations, the maintenance of frontier lines, depends upon the limitation of the means of transport and of motion.

The day when food is almost as cheap as the air will see the emancipation of the individual and of the family. The day when there are other ways of penetrating into a country than that afforded by roads and rails will see the definite abolition of frontier lines; the defence of the territory by armies will become impossible when an enemy may make entry into it from a thousand points at once. That, every one will have guessed, is to be accomplished by the perfection of aerial navigation, in which M. Berthelot is a firm believer on principle. We shall have to return to that point incidentally later; but the question of the food supply is the really startling novelty of M. Berthelot's visions of our future state.

All his scientific triumphs have been based on his one main principle of the synthesis, that is, the recombination, of the elements discovered in bodies existing naturally. Analysis shows, for example, that a given natural oil consists of certain elements present in the certain proportions. The problem he has set himself—not by any means so easy as it may appear to unscientific minds—is to reconstruct that oil by the fusion of the elements of which it is, in its natural state, composed. In the case of oil he has done it—so effectively, as we have seen, that the cost of fabrication of the artificial product is very much less than the cost of collection and transport from the springs. Now he is working toward a similar synthesis in the case of the elements of human nourishment.

Already the most essential part of the problem h

put the matter tersely, a dinner or a long series of sufficient dinners can be made in a test tube.

But, though M. Berthelot has in this achieved an astonishing theoretical triumph, the question of the cost deprives his results of immediate practical value. The dinner in the test tube would figure out at a price calculated to make a millionaire finger his bank book uneasity. The practical triumph, and the world revolution will date from the day, sure to come, M. Berthelot says, when the process of chemical synthesis has been reduced to the minimum of price.

It is a question of finding methods of extraction and synthesis. The raw material is absolutely without cost; ready to hand in the stones and soil of the earth, in every object that can be decomposed into its chemical elements. Every meal we eat represents, of course, a long process of chemical transformation; from the mineral to the grass, from the grass to the animal which eats the grass, and of which we eat in turn; it is a slow change from stone or metal or vegetable into the

which we eat in turn; it is a slow change from stone or metal or vegetable into the bone and blood tissues of the human

being.

When in the laboratories, and after the same concrete When in the laboratories, and afterward in the factories, the same concrete result can be achieved cheaply, then no one need ever hunger, no one work hard for the necessaries of life. The possibility of this literal chemical food is an established fact; there remains only to find material processes to cheapen the synthesis. Science, M. Berthelot assures us, will certainly do for foods what it has already done for oils.

already done for oils.

An obvious corollary of the artificial production of food will be the elimination of all needless bulk; a great deal of chemically sufficient nourishment will be compressed into very small doses, so that a

soldier or explorer may perhaps carry a day's ration in his waistcoat pocket.

The economic changes that will be brought about by this system are enormous. Farming will entirely disappear, as there will be no further need of meats or occasio or vegetables. Corners in wheat will become a thing of the past; all the immense international commerce in grains will cease utterly with all the hands it employed and all the ships that were made for it. Land will become literally dirt cheap; in the main it will be deserted, the whole class of agricultural workers of every degree having no further employment.

Some part of the land may still be preserved for pleasure purposes, but the vast bulk will most likely be left to return to the state of nature. Who knows but that wild beasts may begin again to roam over the prairies and lurk in the dense forests as in the days before our present civilization?

the prairies and lurk in the dense forests as in the days before our present civilization? Men will live in cities for the most part; but in cities very different from those of our days. Space will be infinitely cheaper since no agricultural demand will exist to send the price of territory up. No such thing as a slum will be found in the world, it will be just as cheap to have homes set amid spacious avenues and broad, green places. That fact alone will tend to eradicate disease. places. 'cate disc

cate disease.

When the frontiers are abolished by the perfection of the dirigible balloon and by the fact that people will be able to voyage air-free to any country, and to live almost food-free anywhere, there will be no more conditional to the country of the food-free anywhere, there will be no more need of armies or navies. Consequently taxation will be reduced to a minimum in the universal peace; it will be the beginning of the long dreamed-of brotherhood of man in happy conditions, when life will be infinitely easier and a great many of our bitterest, passions, national and social, will be quietly laid away. Such will be the change that those who live to see it will look back upon our present benighted condition with much the same pity that we feel for our ancestor, the man of the

## EVERY MAN'S DRINE METER. Clicking of the Pinger Joint Said to Be

"Let's have another. It's my turn now. remarked one of the party at an interval ot too long after the drink before had been

All agreed with alacrity except the California member of the party, who said: "Wait a bit until I see whether I can or not." Then he put his hands together in a queer way and listened for a brief moment. Then his face cleared up and he reported: "It's all right this time. You can count me in on this. Give me the same."

After the fresh supply had been brought some curiosity was expressed as to the little ceremony which had been carried out by the Californian in deciding a question usually so easy of settlement. "How do you work it?" was the unanimous

"This system of mine is infallible," said the man from San Francisco, "and if you will

"This system of mine is infallible," said the man from San Francisco, "and if you will only pay attention to its warning you'll never come to grief on alcohol."

"Still, small voice of conscience?" asked another of the party. "That's old here, but I suppose it may have just got to the coast as a novelty."

"No, it's not conscience, It's ahead of conscience, too, for no amount of disregarding it will cause it to lose interest in its work. As we're none of us Prohibitionists we will agree that up to a certain point this sort of thing is all right, but when a man has had enough then is the time for him to stop. That point varies in each man, and at different times, but when it has been reached that is the time for that man to stop."

"If the thing varies in the same man," they asked, "how's he going to know when to leave off?"

"All that's done for him automatically. I can only tell it to you as it was told to me by a doctor out my way. According to what he says there's a drink meter of some sort in every man's anatomy somewhere, but where it is nobody exactly knows. That organ measures all the booze the man puts into himself, and when it reaches the limit of safety the meter registers the amount in the jag observatory, which is another organ that never gets out of working order, no matter how much it is tried. Then the jag observatory sends word out to the tips of your fingers and if you're only wise to the phenomenon you can keep tabs on yourself perfectly."

"But how?" they all asked him.

"Did you notice the position of my' hands. That's where it all comes. See. I bend all the fingers of my right hand loosely so that the tips will all come within the space of the palm of the left, where I let them rest lightly, or they could rest in the palm of another rut any pressure on, but let them rest lightly or they could rest in the palm of another rut any pressure on.

palm of the left, where I let them rest lightly, or they could rest in the palm of another man's hand just as well and then he could catch the message on, but let them rest lightly if you want to get the best results. Now all of you put your hands so. Feel anything, No? No? Nothing, you? Well, what do you feel?"

"Why, didn't you all hear that?" asked the man who had begun the conversation." Didn't you hear something snap in my finger? It was right in this joint of the middle finger and it sounded like the click of a telegraph key.

"Nonsense," said the Californian, "it didn't sound at all, but you felt it. That's the thing that tells you when you've had enough. You have reached the safety limit; your system is telegraphing you word to that effect. Any more that you may take will only do you harm, and it is now up to you to get aboard the water wagon for the rest of this session."

"I don't believe it," replied the man who snapped. "I am going to have one more just to try this and see what it amounts to."

The next round brought the same message to several others and they began to have some faith in the sign. The Californian said that his doctor friend when asked to explain the thing tangled himself up in a lot of talk about reflexes that he confessed no-body really could understand, but he made the positive assertion that in this clicking of the finger joints there was the first and nothing else could give rise to it.

### OUTSIDE THE PRISON GATE. A Few Kind Words That Changed the Life of Discharged Convict.

From the Youth's Companion.

The following is the substance of a true story recently told by a gentleman who had een one of the Prison Commissioners of the State of Connecticut:

ing the State Prison at Wethersfield, I noticed the gate open and a man come out. The tears streamed from his eyes as he stood

perplexed.
"'Where now, my friend?' I asked cheer-" 'I don't know, sir. I don't suppose any one wants me anywhere."

" 'I am walking to Hartford; come "It was a warm day in early May. The poo convict opened his heart to his new acquaintance, and told him what had brought him to

convict opened his heart to his new acquaintance, and teld him what had brought him to the penitentiary. It soon came out that the convict had made shoes in prison.

"I think I know a man, said the gentleman, who will hire you in his factory, and if I were in your place I would not lisp a word about having been in prison.

"You have been kind, said the released prisoner, turning away with quivering loss." I must say good-by. I cannot longer live and lie. I promised God last night in my cell that when I came out I would be an upright man and take the consequences, and I will keep my word.

"Forgive me for tempting you at the outset, I said. 'Come on.

"I saw my friend, the manufacturer, and teld him the whole story. He had a little talk with my man and made a bargain with him. That night, just as the shop was about to close, we three went into the workroom.

"Here is a poor fellow who was discharced from State Prison this morning, said the proprietor. 'I am going to give him a start in life by taking him into the shop; he begins work to-morrow.

"There were indignant glances among the men, and one spoke up hastily.

"I's all leave if he stays! I will not work with any fallbird."

"Very well, said the employer. 'Any one who wishes to leave will have a bill of his time in the morning.'

"Only the one man who had objected left.

"Ten years later the jailoird was the owner of that manufactory and the man who would not work with him was one of his journewmen.

"That ex-convict is now a State Senator in

Journeymen.

"That ex-convict is now a State Senator in one of the New England Legislatures. He said to me to-day:

"I tremble when I think of what the result might have been had an evil man instead of a good friend met me outside of the prison door."

than THE SUN and RVENING SUN. Embodying as they do all up-to-date fashion and society notes, and other matters cultivating and refining in their influence and of interest to all women.—Ads.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN. The First and Also the Only Time That

"Our band," said the old circus man, "was the greatest ever, and the whole show was proud of it, the greatest of all giants included. And the giant in particular was carried away

"At every performance our leader used to conduct the band as though it was a grand orchestra, and to see the professor standing up there in front of it and waving his baton over it, gently now and now with vigor, making the piccolo to squeak, the drums to beat, and the big bass horns to thunder, seemed fairly to fascinate the giant, and it bred in him the strongest sort of a desire to lead the

"The giant and the professor were great friends, and there was nothing the professor would not willingly have done for the giant, excepting only just that one thing, to let him lead the band. For, about his music, the professor was in deadly earnest. That was to him something not to be trifled with, and he felt that, earnest and sincere as the great giant undoubtedly was in his desire to lead the band, yet, if he was permitted to try it, he couldn't help in some way making the

undertaking ridiculous.

"You see, the giant wouldn't, in fact, actually lead at all; he couldn't read a note of music, to begin with, not a note; all he could do would be to keep with the band, in automatic sympathetic movement, and the pro-fessor knew well enough that, what with the giant's great size and all, the least little thing might turn the whole business into a tre-mendous farce. But the old man came in here and persuaded the professor. Of course the old man saw in the giant's leading a great big advertisement for the show, and so what with the old man's wishes and the giant's desires, and the professor's deference for the

with the old man's wishes and the glant desires, and the professor's deference for the one and friendly feeling for the other, the giant finally got his chance.

"They let him try at a rehearsal first, and really he did very well. He knew by heart all the tunes that the band played, and his heart swelled and his body swayed in sympathy with them, and really he swung the baton appropriately enou h: and with his light swings here and his heavy ones there and his grand sweeps for the full band all in perfect time, it actually looked as if he was leading, and everybody felt more comfortable and reassured.

"There was really one thing about it all, however, that was ridiculous, and that was the giant's baton. He used the professor's stick, and this in the giant's hand looked about the size of a match. He must be provided with a baton of suitable size to be in keeping, and they thought that if they could get that the giant could have his wish and everything would go off all right, too.

"They found what they thought would do in a tent stake, such as is used around the big tent, this being a pin about six feet in length by about four inches in diameter and having an iron ferrule around the big end to prevent its fraying out there and splitting under the strokes of the beetles when the pin was driven. A six-foot tentpin might seem like a pretty big stick of timber for a baton, but, having an iron ferrule around the big end to prevent its fraying out there and splitting under the strokes of the beetles when the pin was driven. A six-foot tentpin mightseem like a pretty big stick of timber for a baton, but, as a matter of fact, for a conductor of the giant's size it was just about in proportion. "Our band, at all performances, used to sit on a stand that we built for them alongside the entrance to the ring for the performers and animals; and the professor used to stand on a lo w box placed at the front of the platform. The giant, at this performance in which he led, stood in front of the platform, his feet on the ground, and he had the music rack stood on the little stand on the platform that the professor commonly occ; ied.

"When the musicians were all in place on this occasion—the professor himself was among them this time, with his cornet—the giant stepped into the ring and bowed around to the great audience and then turned and faced the band, and stood there for a moment, looking to the right and to the left, to see accountable the stand all his men were

the giant stepped into the ring and bowed around to the great audience and then turned and faced the band, and stood there for a moment, looking to the right and to the left, to see, apparently, that all his men were there and in place, all quiet in the usual manner; and then straightening up he tapped on the music rack with his tent pin baton, raised his left hand in the air, and swung his baton with his right; and they were off in due and proper form.

"And gayly they went along, with everything slick as could be and without a mishap, the giant holding himself in well and everything going in the most dignified manner possible, through several pieces, till they struck into Home, Sweet Home, that the band played as incidental music to an act in the ring, like the high school act of to-day, of a horse we had that walked around keeping step to slow music; and then it seemed as though everything broke loose all at once.

"Just as they'd got well a going in that piece the ferrule came off the giant's baton. You know the pin had been selected because it was new and bright and fresh and had never been driven and so the wood around the head had not been battered out to fill the ferrule, and then the stake had, shrunk a You know the pin had been selected because it was new and bright and fresh and had never been driven and so the wood around the head had not been battered out to fill the ferrule, and then the stake had shrunk a little, too, with season-drying, and the ferrule wasn't very light; and when the glant gave the baton a wave with a little extra power to it he simply cast the ferrule off and sent it fiving through the air. It must have weighed three of four pounds, and it was sharp-edged and that sharp-edged iron ring went sailing straight for the big bass drum. "It made a grand boom when it hit it, and smashed through the drumhead, besides, to fall inside the shell. Incidentally, when it hit the drum it hit the drummer's drumstick and knocked it out of his hand, so that the drummer had to bend down to pick it up; and when he had picked it up he looked over toward the giant and shook the drumstick at him with a look on his face that said as plain as any look could say that he was going to lick him after the show was over if he died for it. That, you know, made the people laugh; but it made the professor, sitting up there with his B flat cornet on the platform, groan.

"What he feared had come to pass—something ridiculous had happened. But the giant never saw the bass drummer's look at all; he was thinking only of his leading, and he was becoming all the time more and more interested and wrought up. He was a man of sentiment, and I suppose the song stirred him up some, and then he was stirred, too, by his own success thus far. And now he advanced a step or two nearer the platform, and putting more vigor and sweep into his movements, he swung his right arm, lengthened out as it was by the long tent pin, out over the heads of the musicians to the right, and his long powerful left arm out over then to the left and so low dwn as to make some of them duck their heads.

That made the people laugh a little more, and then the first thing you know, in getting in with one of those long, swinging, full-band swells in the chorus,

#### TETHER BALL NOW POPULAR. The Game Said to Improve the Form and Impart Agility and Quickness.

On any number of lawns this year you can see a tall pole around which a party of girls and boys with tennis rackets are watching the circling flights of a string attached to the pole and ending in a plummet in the shape of a tennis ball. This is the tether

to the pole and ending in a plummet in the shape of a tennis ball. This is the tether ball pole which has gained popular favor this year. The game is being prescribed by many doctors who are consulted as to the best sort of exercise for reducing the flesh and limbering up the body.

The pole is about ten feet high and six feet from the ground is a black band. With tennis bats the players endeavor to strike the ball so that it will coil the string around the pole above the darkened portion.

To do this the players stand at a prescribed distance from the pole, a circle of three feet being marked off. The game may be played in sets or each player may take a certain number of strokes in his endeavor to get the string coiled at the proper mark. The game requires a lot of jumping around and raising of the arms above the head and is undoubtedly a good exercise for gaining quickness on the feet and getting off any accummulated flesh about the waist. Tether ball originated from tennis, the idea being to give practice in serving the ball. But it proved such a healthful game in itself that it has speedily become popular on its own account.

THE INCOME OF EDWARD VII REASONS. WHY THE PUBLIC CAN'S TELL WHAT IT IS.

The Unknown Revenues From His Inherite ance From His Mother - Some Items of the Sovereign's Annual Expenses From the Chicago Record-Herald

LONDON, June 15.-The civil list, as they all the appropriations for the maintenance f the King and his court, was voted by

Parliament this week and brought two surprises. In the first place, it was much smaller than the public generally expected it would be, and the opporition to it was much less. Three hundred and seventy-six votes were cast, 300 in favor and only 57 against.

The civil list carried a total of \$2,250,000 for the King. \$250,000 for the Queen, \$100,52 and their sons and daughters; continues the prothers and daughters; continues the prothers of the place of the

of the he'r to the crown for more than three centuries.

The civil list, as it is called, is not voted in a lump sum, however, but is allot ed to special purposes, like the provisions of the annual appropriation bills passed by the Congress of the United States. For the salaries of the royal household \$629,000 is provided. That is a reduction of \$31,000 from the amount allowed Queen Victoria, which is due to the abolition of the department of the buckhounds, which originated in mediaval days, when the King and the court went on buckhounds, which originated in meliewal days, when the King critical in meliewal days, when the King critical in meliewal days, when the King critical and the control of the county of